

## GEMS ON IOWA'S BOSOM.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL RESORTS FOR VISITORS.

**Delights of Existence on the Shores of Clear Lake and Okoboji—Spirit Lake's Attractions—The Water Toboggan—Observations by a Somewhat Sarcastic Correspondent.**

### Hawkeye Watering-Places.

There are a number of modest summer resorts in Iowa despite its unpretentious character as a prairie State, says a correspondent writing from Spirit Lake. "They are 'watering places' in the sense that most of them are in the vicinity of a body of water of more or less pretension. Two of these places—Clear Lake and Okoboji—have a meritorious claim to attention. Neither one is conspicuous in the press—nor on the map, for that matter. The first is the Mecca of the Methodists, who delight in carrying out upon its shores and holding a vigorous midsummer seance with Satan; the last has been overshadowed by its less worthy neighbor, Spirit Lake, which has been the patient subject of a persistent 'boom.'"

Up in Dickinson County, Iowa, there is a chain of effective lakes. The bodies of water which mark either extremity of this chain are of respectable size, and have many claims to attractiveness. They are linked together by a series of ponds, weedy and muddy, which the fevered imagination of the aforesaid boomer has dubbed "lakes."

On Spirit Lake the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad has built a big hotel. In the summer time it is largely tenanted by the officers of the railroad, who, with their wives and friends, make a gay colony.

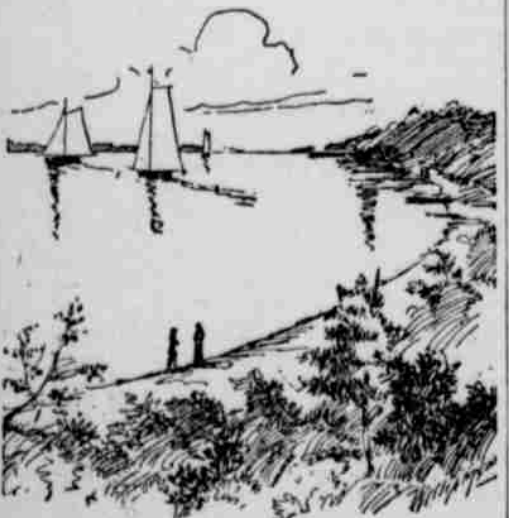
Spirit Lake itself is like a big bowl. Its water is a beautiful blue. The flat shores have a pastoral beauty, soothing to the nerves, perhaps, but with a tendency toward monotony. Even the fish caught in the lake seem afflicted by a sullen solidity and stolidity. When served at the table d'hôte they have a soggy insipidity which leads one to turn in despair to the unimpressible steak.

About the shore of the lake are clustered many effective cottages, those of President Ives, Charles A. Clark, the well-known lawyer, F. C. Harnel, and others being conspicuous. Few of these cottages are pretentious, but they are all in good taste, and are generally clever examples of summer architecture.

Several wheezy and more or less rickety steamboats which sadly suffer for want of paint ply between the Orleans and West Okoboji at the far end of the lake chain. Navigation here is not perilous, but requires skill. There are a number of drawbridges of one kind and another to be passed, there are stony points to dodge and mud bank to scrape over. Occasionally the pilot yells from the wheelhouse, "Ladies and gents, please move forward." Then everybody goes up on the bow and the boat bobs along over the mud until it is time for everybody to go astern, when the procession is reversed and the stanch ship slides over the hidden reef. This kind of thing is exhilarating. One can imagine one's self shipwrecked half a dozen times, cast away on a desert island like Warner Miller's party to Nicaragua, discovering prints of patent-leather pumps in the sand like Robinson Crusoe, or swashed around among the weeds on the bottom like any other old salt who goes down to Davy Jones' locker.

But when one finally lands on the shore of West Okoboji it is a perpetual delight. The lake is the largest in the series. Its shores are bold and irregular, dented with charming bays, punctuated by rugged promontories and headlands, which stand out in miniature aggressiveness. The water is as tender as the sky in shade, the breezes blow upon it with a kindly playfulness. In places the lake is 250 feet deep and you can fish for pickerel with a hundred and fifty feet of line.

Arnold's Park is the hotel which affords shelter to the wayfarer here.



WEST OKOJOI FROM ARNOLD'S PARK.

It is a somewhat tumble-down building set in a grand old grove of great trees. When one approaches the house he is apt to hear a noise which leads him to believe the famous Spirit Lake massacre is being re-enacted with some new features and modern improvements in the way of noise. The crash of dishes and the cracking of furniture mingle with the most blood-curdling yells.

But this is nothing. It goes on all the time. It is merely the playfulness of the brainy dining-room waiters who have been imported from the college halls at Mount Vernon. These model college youths seem to hold a mortgage on the place and to be extinguishing it by running it to suit themselves. Aside from these conspicuous members of the hotel staff there is only one other visible

nuisance. That is the survivor of the Spirit Lake massacre. To know that there had been a massacre might give the place some shadow of romance, but to be afflicted with a survivor of it is too much, particularly when the survivor has written a prosy book in gorgeous covers and bad English. Aside from this life flows smoothly at West Okoboji.

Here and there upon its shores the most slightly spots have been pre-empted by the cottagers, who in little communities have ensconced themselves among the trees and by the pebbly beaches. They stick together in groups which take the names of the localities whence the tenants come. Thus one is Fort Dodge Point, another Des Moines Beach, and off there on the far arm of the lake is Omaha. The residents of this latter point have put up a water toboggan slide—a long reverse curve of wood, supplied with rollers on the inside surface. It starts from the top of a big oak and ends in the lake. The bather drags the toboggan up a flight of stairs behind, launches it, goes down like a rocket, and slides over the water until the momentum is lost and the slender affair sinks beneath the bather's weight. It is an exciting sport. To drop over the curve in the slide is like a straight-away fall through midair. It takes the breath and is apt to take one's nerve. But the subsequent slide over the water with the white spray flying before is delicious.

The bathing is the popular daily amusement of course. The costumes worn in the water are not abbreviated on the lines so conspicuous at the sea shore. They are modest in cut and in material and finish, and it requires a high order of female beauty or manly dignity to survive one. It is a sight for the gods to weep over to see a passe Orleans belle arrayed in one. You have heard of the Colosseum or of the Acropolis? Well, as a rule they are not in it!



WATER TOBOGGAN IN WEST OKOJOI.

This year the lake season has been very short and unprofitable. It has been too cold. The people at Arnold's Park sat around the stoves until the middle of July and in vain attempted to let imagination play pranks about the delights of midsummer outings. But it wouldn't work. So the hotel men are sad, the horny-handed boatmen smile not, the bathing-house man wearily tosses you a suit with a rip in the back, and the weather-beaten steamboats have a wheezy note of complaint in their asthmatic whistles.

### He Was Hungry.

An old time dorky walked into Kinsley's the other day and sat down to a table. A colored waiter approached him and said, "Boss, you kain't git no dinnah in dis place."

"Kain't git nuffin to eat?" exclaimed the old fellow. "Wha' f'ou is de reason dat a hongry man kain't get no dinnah in dis place?"

"Kase," was the reply, "we doan serve culud folks. Marster Kinsley doan bleebe in soshul equality ob de races."

"Dat's right," answered the old man, "dat's right, neither does I. Some niggabs am bettah than some white folks, an' some udders agin, boef white an' black, am too blamed triffin' to lib. Yes, sah, ise wid Marster Kinsley on dat pint, so you kin jess bring erlong dat dinnah, quick as you kin, kase I'se pow'ful hongry."

"You doan unnerstan', uncle," explained the waiter, "you doan unnerstan'; hit's kase de boss doan bleebe in soshul equality dat he's done gib orders dat no culud folks kain't eat here."

"Yas, but hold on, honey," broke in the old dorky, "I didn't come in heah after no soshul equality; I come in heah kase I'se hongry. I doan want a dish of soshul equality; no, say; jess plain po'k an' beans 'll do fo' me."

"Kain't help it, uncle," answered the waiter who was now getting a little impatient. "Kain't help it, and," he continued, "you'd better be goin' right now befo' de head waitah sees you, 'reise dere'll be trouble."

The old fellow got up and, without a word, started for the door; but as he went down the steps he was heard talking to himself after this fashion:

"Dese white folks mighty cu'ious, 'pears ter me. Jass kase a poor niggab's hongry, an' wants a bite ter eat, dey think he's after soshul equality. I didn't go in dat place kase dey wuz white folks in dar, but kase I wanted my dinnah. I didn't ax no white man ter jine me, an' no white man didn't ax me ter jine him. No, sah," he concluded with emphasis. "When a culud man is huntin' his dinnah he hain't keerin' so much erbout soshul equality as he am erbout de dinnah; but dese white folks doan 'pear ter see it dat way."

Load a man with dollars and oftentimes you will drive out his sense.

### Invention.

If one were asked, says Lock and Bell, to tell the reason why the present age, when compared with all past ages, is so conspicuously an inventive age, he might have difficulty in finding a reason that would be satisfactory, even to his own judgment.

Down to the beginning of the last century men had invented but very little. They had necessarily contrived a great deal. They had learned to make boats so far back in the legendary ages that history could only find a place for beginning after men had been taught to navigate the sea. But then, the boat is only an evolution of the log floating on the water, and it came into form by such easy gradations through the raft that it is hardly to be called an invention. So with most of the household implements, and even of the tools of mechanics that have long been in use. They grew by such slow processes from the crudest beginnings that no man could be called their inventor. As we look back beyond the beginning of the last century, we discover barely more than a half-dozen new devices that could justly be called inventions. The art of printing is the most conspicuous of these few; but even this invention was so simple that one cannot help feeling that the old monks who copied manuscripts for centuries must have been exceedingly stupid or they would have created the art at a much earlier date.

But the inventive activity of the present age is a source of continual wonder, and it is difficult to explain the impulse that leads to its indulgence. Much is attributed, and much, doubtless, is due to the patent right system; but this will not explain everything. A few fortunes have been made by inventors; but it is notoriously true that the authors of new inventions rarely realize much for their happy thoughts, and few men would ever think of turning their attention to invention as a profession. Vastly the larger number of inventions are the work of men who have merely conceived a good idea, and then proceeded to put it in mechanical form because their idea has made them enthusiastic. In such cases they may have been stimulated somewhat by hope of pecuniary reward; but it was not this hope that gave the impulse to their labor.

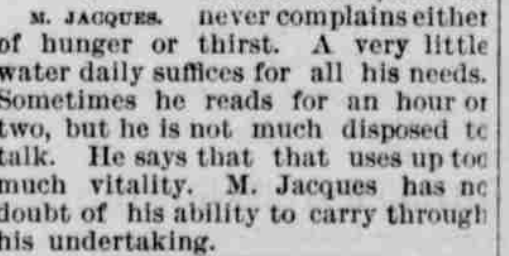
Neither can it be justly said that the intellectual activity of the current age is greater than that of any preceding period in the world's history. In some departments of human endeavor we are less active than the men of the renaissance period and the years immediately following the renaissance. We are producing no Shakespeares, Dantes, Tassos, Miltons, Michael Angelos, and Raphaels at the present time, and considering the models from which those men were forced to draw their inspiration, they were so immeasurably superior to their successors in corresponding fields that no comparison is possible. Herschel, Galileo, and Newton, estimated according to their opportunities, were greater than the men of scientific research to-day. The present generation has reached its high ground more largely through the labors of past generations than through its own endeavor, and we cannot say that men have become more inventive because their brains are more active.

Is it not more reasonable to say that invention, which is largely science applied, is a characteristic of the highest civilization? It is the last manifestation of human activity following after all the fine and industrial arts and literature have reached their highest degree of perfection. Great writers, great painters and great actors are all imitators. However great they may be, they are only doing what men have done before, and they think themselves most happy when they can trace some sort of resemblance between their own works and the works of their exemplars. But the inventor comes nearer to the production of something absolutely original than the worker in any other field of intellectual activity, and we take it that the search after the new is a pursuit most congenial to the most advanced society. Men have got tired of learning. Some of them tire too early in life, but we are all growing tired of accomplished facts and want novelty.

### A FIFTY-DAYS' FASTER.

M. Jacques, the Bold Long Period Starver.

M. Jacques is the name of the amiable French gentleman who recently began a fifty-days' fast at the London Aquarium. He surprises the Londoners by assuming an air of extreme comfort, as he sits in his easy-chair, with his cheery, intelligent face turned toward them, and he never complains either of hunger or thirst. A very little water daily suffices for all his needs. Sometimes he reads for an hour or two, but he is not much disposed to talk. He says that that uses up too much vitality. M. Jacques has no doubt of his ability to carry through his undertaking.



Boston Wins Again. Mr. Gotham—we are to have a magazine in New York which is to print only rejected articles.

Miss Penelope Adams (of Boston)—I suppose it is to be published in New York so as to be right at the fountain head of that sort of article. —Puck.

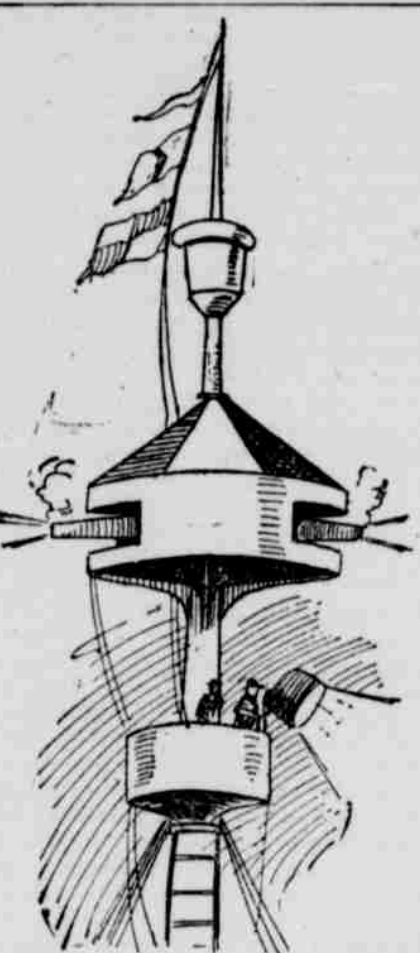
Sixty years ago the aggregate wealth of the United States was \$1,000,000,000, now it is \$52,200,000,000. This is a pretty good argument in favor of the growing industry and intelligent business ability of the American people.

### A MAN-O'-WAR'S MASTS.

Flash Lights and Great Guns as High as the Lighthouse's Light.

In early naval warfare, says the Scientific American, the mast of a vessel was an important aggressive point, and from the masthead were thrown javelins, arrows, hot-shot, Greek fire, and other destructive missiles. The masthead was then, as now, the chief lookout, and, as all naval battles were at short range, equivalent almost to actual contact of the vessels, the mast was perhaps even more important than the main armament of the vessel.

The accompanying engraving represents the mast of a modern warship, with its lookout and its turret. The mast is made hollow and of sufficient diameter to allow the men to ascend. The lower tower is provided with a search light, which receives its current through wires extending up the hollow mast. The turret is armed upon one side with a single piece of ordnance and upon the other with a Gatling gun. Above all is located the lookout or watch tower. With such an auxiliary as this a warship can seriously harass an enemy, besides doing a great deal of actual damage. By the aid of a strong electric light aggressive movements may be carried on at night. Not only can these aggressive movements be carried forward, but by means of the light the entire vicinity of the vessel may be searched for torpedoes and



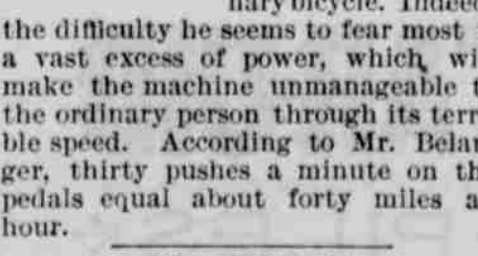
torpedo-boats, thus rendering practical at night the means of defense against the attacks of these wary enemies.

### Population of Germany.

The statistics of the German census taken recently have been published, and Germany regards the outcome with general satisfaction, for, with the exception of Russia, it has grown faster than any other European country. The total population last December was 49,420,800, as against 46,885,794 in 1885, showing a gain of 2,565,096 in the five years, and the largest gain in any five years since the establishment of the empire. In 1871 the population was 41,085,792. In the next five years it increased 1,668,568. From 1875 to 1880 the gain was 2,506,701, but from 1880 to 1885 it decreased 1,621,643—a period during which emigration to this country was very heavy. As to the character of the increase, the same rule holds good as in this country. The bulk of it was in the cities. Ten per cent. of it was in Berlin and more than one-half of it in the ten largest cities of the empire. As compared with other European countries, Germany in the last ten years has grown about 4,200,000, Austria less than 3,000,000, the British Islands, it is estimated, about 3,600,000, Italy about 2,750,000, and France less than 1,000,000—probably much less. The huge Empire of Russia shows a gain during the same period of 15,000,000, which can be accounted for in part by the comparatively small outflow of emigrants. Thus, with the exception of the latter country, Germany heads the list.

### Two Miles a Minute on a Wheel.

Victor Belanger, of Worcester, Mass., is the inventor of a one-wheel cycle for which is claimed a speed capacity of two miles a minute. The inventor claims that to propel his machine requires from seven to ten times less power than is required on the ordinary bicycle. Indeed, the difficulty he seems to fear most is a vast excess of power, which will make the machine unmanageable to the ordinary person through its terrible speed. According to Mr. Belanger, thirty pushes a minute on the pedals equal about forty miles an hour.



Like Picture, Like Subject. "Whose picture is that?" inquired an Eastern artist in a Western cabin, discovering a well executed portrait hanging on the wall in a dark corner.

"That's my husband's," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his first pictures in the Academy.

"So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued his observations.

When a man repents, he does not resolve that he will sin no more, but that he will be more cautious.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke-lets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Formed—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

### The Ingenuousness of Youth.

"Maud," he asked, as the carriage entered the shadowy lane, "Maud, are you sure you—you never had any man's arm about your waist, as mine is?"

"No, George, I never did," she murmured; "I never, never did! Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only I wondered whether it was instinct or experience that made you take the reins from my hand just as soon as we reached this secluded spot!"—Boston News.

### The Even Tenor of Her Way.

Organist—Miss Jones, allow me to introduce our new tenor, Mr. Highsee.

Miss Jones—Delighted to meet you. Miss I's father (later)—What kept you so long at church to-night?

Miss J.—I was so interested in a new him, which our organist was trying, that I never noticed the time passing.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Test of Love.

Madge—I'd give a good deal to know whether Will Wishlets is in love with me or not.

Millicent—I'll tell you how you can find out.

"How?"

"The next evening you expect him to call wear your new shirt and ask him to tie your four-in-hand for you; if he makes a perfect knot at the first attempt you can make up your mind he has nothing more than a brotherly interest in you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

### They Could See It.

Enraged Customer (rushing wildly into the drug store)—Say, this scalp lotion has taken all the hair out of my head. I've a great mind to sue you for damages.

Druggist (coolly)—You couldn't collect damages, my dear sir, for I have witnesses to prove that I simply told you the lotion would preserve your scalp, and any jury could see plainly that your scalp is all there.—Pharmaceutical Era.

### When Love Grew Cold.

Singleton—I'm sorry to hear that you have trouble with your wife. What's the matter?

Benedict—It's her cutting way of talking. She says the most cutting, ironical things to me on every occasion. Never misses a chance to spring something horribly sarcastic. It's dreadful, I tell you.

"Well, you knew her long enough before you were married to learn of the trait."

"O, I did, but I took it for wit then."—Boston News.

### Excitement Out West.

Editor Dugout City (Kan.) Boomer—Hello! What's the matter?

Assistant (wildly)—Our railroad reporter at Chicago telegraphs that an Eastern man boarded the westbound train there with a ticket for Dugout City, and he heard the man say something about buying a lot.

Editor (excitedly)—Stop the press and get out an extra! We'll have the town wild. Another big beat on the sickly sheet over the way.—Street & Smith's Good News.

### Off the Banks of Newfoundland.



Captain—Aren't you on deck rather early this morning, Sir William?

Sir William—I fawned, don't you know, that as we skirted along the coast I might get a glimpse at Niagara.—Puck.

### Enlightenment.

Tommy (to new arrival)—Are you Mr. Dooze?

The Guest—No, my boy. That's not my name. Why?

Tommy—Cause, when sister looked out the window and saw you coming, she said, "O! the Dooze!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### Got Discouraged.

Rural Host—That's a real purty pictur'. Painted it yerself, didn't ye?

Artist—Yes.

Host—Been paintin' pictur's all y'r life?

Artist—Well, n-o. The fact is, that when a young man I first handled a brush as a sign painter.

Host—Wall, it's too bad you got discouraged so soon. Judgin' by that pictur' you'd made a first-class sign painter if y'd only kept at it.—Street & Smith's Good News.

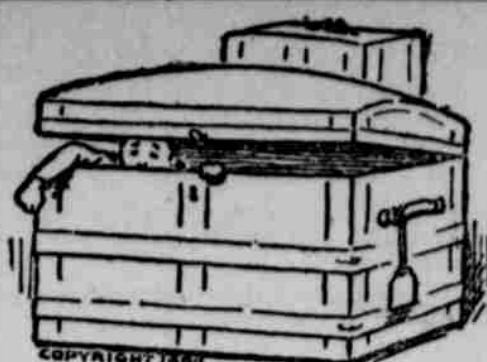
### Hadn't Heard Him.

Miss Emersonian Russell (from Boston)—I have read that Venus de Milo will be at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. Won't that be charming?

Miss Calumetia Porcine (from Chicago)—Very lovely! But I have never heard the young woman sing.—The Jewelers' Circular.

A thoroughly selfish man is seldom very wicked, and a thoroughly generous man is seldom very good.

As a rule, when a man gets his dessert, in the language of Emerson, "he has no puddin'."



Checked—the frightful inroads of Scrofula and all blood-taints. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses the system of all impurities, and restores health and strength. It cures all diseases arising from impure blood. Consumption is one of them. It's simply lung-scrofula. In all its earlier stages, the "Discovery" effects a cure. It's easy to see why. The medicine that masters scrofula in one part, is the best remedy for it in another. It is the best. It's warranted. It's the only blood and lung remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money will be refunded. No other medicine of its class does it. How many would be left if they did?

It's the cheapest blood-purifier, sold through druggists, (no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar,) because you only pay for the good you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

## The Soap for Hard Water is Lenox.



### The Best Remedy

In this world, says J. Hoffman of Syracuse, N. Y. is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Mr. Ernest Castleman, Effingham, Ill., informed us that he had been a sufferer from insomnia and rushing of blood to the head for weeks. He procured a bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic, took it according to directions, and found relief after having taken only about 12 doses; he speaks very highly of it.

CHATTERTON, Livingston Co., Ill., May, '89. I admit that I am well satisfied with the effect of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because it cured me entirely of the severe nervous troubles.

R. BORGMANN.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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ELYS CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed effectually, cleansing the heat of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretion, it allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the nose, and restores sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents at Druggists or by mail.

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